

Cursed be thy name  
The outcast one; companionless.  
Who by his will betrayed  
His beautiful creation.

It is unspoken  
And he is resolute  
He is broken

He will not say  
If he's the enemy  
He is no one

His mind will rot  
And crows will tear his flesh  
Live long, feel naught

When given life  
He found a way to die  
He is no one

So here's your land;  
This Barren Erthe.  
Both thorn and thistle  
shall it grow for you.

And though you'll eat of it,  
It never satisfies.  
And you will curse its name!  
Incultus!